

## Three Guys, One Stan by AMKelley

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**Summary:** Stan rolled his eyes, seeming disinterested by the offer, when in reality his heart had been hammering in his chest like a hummingbird was trapped in his ribcage. The prospect of Henry Bowers and his friends approaching and propositioning him made him ache with want. (Patrick/Stano Henry/Stano Belch/Stano)

## Three Guys, One Stan

**Warning(s): AU, PWP, sexual content, gangbang, foursome, rough sex, creampie, felching, fingering, hair-pulling, dirty talk, riding, underage drinking**

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Stan was perfectly aware that he was being followed. He spotted Belch Huggins' car a few blocks back trailing him. He had been walking around downtown by himself when he first noticed the attention he attracted. What made it obvious is when the car purposely slowed down. Stan was actually on his way to see if Richie was at the arcade, but *this* proved to be far more interesting than watching Richie play Street Fighter.

He was just outside the theatre when he decided to cross the street and head over towards the alleyway by Mr. Keene's drug store. Stan didn't need to look over his shoulder to know the car had turned into the alley after him and he smirked to himself a little as the rumbling of Belch's car neared. He pretended to be oblivious even as they pulled up beside him.

"Hey, pussycat! Where you off to by lonesome?" Patrick cat-called.

When the car came into view Stan glanced over, trying to look surprised, and took in the sight of his newfound company. There was Belch (driving *his* car no less), Henry in the passenger seat, and Patrick in the back who was currently poking his head out of the exposed roof. Vic was nowhere in sight.

"Hop inside baby. Let's go for a ride," Henry said, arm hanging out the window as he thumped his hand against the metal of the door.

It might seem out of the ordinary for anyone else, but Stan had gotten used to this. Stan had recently turned sixteen and he was beginning to fill out better because of puberty. He let his hair grow out a little longer, framing the more delicate features of his face, and the way his body started to become more shapely certainly didn't stop Henry and his friends from noticing him more. And, to be quite honest, Stan kind of liked the attention.

"Why should I go anywhere with you?" Stan challenged, sauntering beside the car as he gave the appearance of being coy.

"Three reasons..."

"Which are?"

"Sitting right here sweetheart," Henry said, gesturing to himself, Patrick, and Belch.

Stan rolled his eyes, seeming disinterested by the offer, when in reality his heart had been hammering in his chest like a hummingbird was trapped in his ribcage. The prospect of Henry Bowers and his friends approaching and propositioning him made him *ache* with want. He's been with a couple boys at school already and ever since his first time, Stan couldn't help but want *more*.

Stan knew he was *pretty*, Richie has teased him on multiple occasions because of it, and he intended on using that to his advantage by teasing his would-be bullies.

"I have to warn you," Stan began, walking up to Henry's window as the car came to a stop at the end of the alleyway. "It takes *a lot* to satisfy me."

"We got more than enough to handle you, kitten," Henry stated and he made sure Stan followed the hand that dropped down into his lap.

It peaked Stan's interest enough to where he leaned down and placed his arms on the window sill. He casually rested against the side of Belch's car, poking his head inside slightly as he lazily swayed his hips. He looked over at Belch who smirked as he gripped the steering wheel and gazed up at Patrick who was practically leering at him in a predatory way. His eyes eventually shifted back to Henry.

"Oh? What makes you think I have time for *you*, Bowers?" Stan replied in a sultry voice, eyes hooded and curls in his face. "Let alone the rest of your boys."

"Baby, you're making heart ache right now," Henry whined as he placed a hand over his chest, feigning hurt even though he knew what Stan was playing at.

"Are you sure it's your heart that's aching Henry?" Stan retorted.

"Ooo, feisty little thing," Patrick commented, flashing his shark-like grin.

Stan had already made up his mind. He was going to hop inside Belch's car regardless. The whole point of this little cat and mouse game was not only to tease Henry and get him riled up, but also to not seem so eager. He thought he was doing well so far all things considered, but he wasn't sure how long Henry's patience would last. Stan eased up a little, swaying his hips back and forth.

"If I *do* go with you guys, what's in it for me?" Stan inquired, playing with his hair. He dropped his gaze down to Henry's crotch and smirked.

"A few beers and a *really* good time," Belch chimed in with promise.

"You definitely know how to tempt a guy," Stan remarked, basking in the knowledge that all eyes were on him in this moment.

Patrick was still poking out through the roof and casually eyeing Stan up and down. Belch's hands tightened on the steering wheel, knuckles turning white in anticipation. Then there was Henry who, despite having a short temper, was showing great restraint as he was strung along by Stan. Stan was pushing his luck, but he had the Bowers gang right where he wanted them. Hot and bothered.

"*Come on*," Henry pleaded in a tone that was supposed to sound nonchalant, but came off as *needy*. "You know you want it."

Henry was at wits end, growing impatient, and Belch seemed to be getting there as well. Patrick on the other hand looked as though he could keep up this charade of Stan's for hours. Still, Stan did the smart thing and finally relented.

"I guess I don't really have anything better to do," Stan sighed, coming off as *passé*. "I wouldn't mind *going for a ride*."

He bit his bottom lip and gave Henry a wink, making sure he was the only one to pick up on it. Henry glared a little to hide the fact that he had been panicking on the inside for a minute there. Stan stood up

straight, smirking all the while as he climbed into the backseat with Patrick. He settled in and the engine revved, signalling their departure from the alleyway and back onto the main street. The car jostled him around and he fell into Patrick's space, knocking shoulders with him.

It wasn't too big inside the car, but it was enough to fit four comfortably. Stan didn't take up much space to begin with, anyhow. They cruised through downtown, the wind rustling Stan's curls in an unpredictable caress, as Belch blasted a mixtape of metal music. Henry was shouting at pedestrians as they came barreling down the streets while Belch drummed his thumbs on the steering wheel and banged his head to the music. Patrick had briefly joined Henry until he finally collapsed back against the seat and snaked an arm across Stan's shoulders.

The whole situation was surreal and it made Stan feel giddy more than anything else. The wind in his hair and the music making his insides rumble mixed with the way Patrick idly played with his curls unleashed a floodgate of butterflies that fluttered furiously in his stomach. The feeling intensified whenever Patrick leaned into him to whisper/shout things in his ear over the music.

After awhile, they finally arrived at their destination which ended up being the junkyard (big surprise there). Belch killed the engine and they all piled out of car one by one. Stan kind of stumbled out when his foot caught in one of the seatbelts, but Belch was there catch him by the arm. Stan smiled bashfully up at the bigger boy and thanked him. Henry went around the back to pop the trunk open and collect its contents.

"Mind giving me a hand?" Henry called out towards the other two.

Belch and Patrick came to Henry's aid as Stan took a look around. It wasn't the most ideal place Stan wanted to hang out at, but it was secluded and private enough to where they wouldn't be disturbed. He spied a car's old bench seat that looked to be in pristine condition. Well, at least pristine by junkyard standards. There was another car seat propped up beside it and a wooden spool that acted as a table.

Stan made himself at home, for lack of a better expression, and sat

down on the bench seat as he watched Henry and Belch heft a sizeable cooler out of the trunk. Patrick followed close behind with a radio, tuning it precariously as he walked blindly in line with the other two. Henry and Belch set the cooler down in front of the makeshift recreation area and popped the lid open. Sure enough, it was stocked full of beer and slowly melting ice to keep it cool.

Patrick plopped down beside Stan on the bench seat, fiddling with the radio knob until he settled on a vague synth beat. He placed the radio on the wooden spool and cranked up the volume to his liking. Belch passed out the beers to everyone and Stan accepted his with a grateful smile. The others twisted the caps off no problem, but Stan struggled a bit with his own. Henry noticed and snatched the glass bottle out of Stan's hand.

"Let me get that for you," Henry offered, flexing his biceps as he popped the cap off with ease.

It was obvious he was trying to impress Stan, Henry was cocky like that. It's part of the reason why he wore sleeveless shirts most of the time. To show off, as well as intimidate. He flicked the cap off into the dirt and handed the bottle back to Stan with a smirk. Henry took a swig of his beer, eying Stan longingly as Stan did the same and gulped a good portion of alcohol down. He licked his lips afterwards, collecting the remnants of foam off of them. Henry's eyes followed the motion with half-lidded interest.

"Nice little hang out you guys got," Stan commented, looking around and nodding in sarcastic approval. "What exactly is there to do here?"

"We used to have a BB gun. Until Henry's dad took it away and broke it," Belch said, showing a little contempt.

"Shut the fuck up," Henry spat, mood changing at the mention of his father. He gestured over at Patrick like a petulant kid trying to shift the blame. "It was Patrick who got caught shooting the neighborhood cats."

"That's completely immaterial!" Patrick argued, getting up from where he had been sitting.

They all bickered back and forth for another ten seconds or so, leaving Stan to become restless. He drank his beer as he sat impatiently on the old seat, vaguely wondering if this is how they were going to act the whole night.

"So what is there to do around here?" Stan piped up, breaking up the debacle before it could escalate further.

Henry and the other two looked over at him, stopping mid-sentence in their individual tirades and fixed their gaze on Stan. They gawked at him as if he were an alien from another planet.

"What? You don't expect me to just put out because of *one* beer, do you?" Stan scoffed, flashing a *you can't be serious right now* expression. "From what I recall, I was promised a good time."

"You will after you knock a few of those back," Henry huffed in amusement as he nodded towards the cooler.

"What do you guys usually do?" Stan inquired.

"Shoot the shit..." Belch offered casually.

"Light our farts on fire," Patrick snickered.

"Really?" Stan pressed in slightly horrified amusement.

"We *don't* do that," Henry stated, shooting a glare over at Patrick. It's like he was trying to say *don't fuck this up for me*. "And we're certainly not gonna give him a demonstration."

"I'm not some girl you have to worry about grossing out, Henry," Stan declared, rolling his eyes in a good-natured manner. "Relax."

Patrick came back over and sat down beside Stan, wrapping his arm around Stan as he took a drink of his beer. He pulled the boy close to him and leaned into Stan, burying his face in the long curls, and nuzzled against the side of the boy's face.

"Don't worry, baby. I'll show you a good time," Patrick murmured, rubbing at Stan's shoulder tenderly. He laid a kiss to the boy's cheek and grinned. "Just gotta *loosen up* a bit."

After that everyone settled down, kicked back, and enjoyed a couple of beers. Stan had expected something more exciting or, heaven forbid, *dangerous*, but this was just as well. It was surprisingly relaxing in an odd way. He never figured Henry and his friends to be so *mundane* for lack of a better word, but he was still enjoying himself despite everything. Then again, the booze probably helped too.

By the time Stan was on his third beer, Belch had found an old dartboard in a pile of junk. He was only able to scrounge up a couple darts to go along with it, but it was good enough. Him and Henry threw darts at the rickety, cobweb covered board, shooting the shit while Patrick knocked back beer after beer. Patrick still had his arm draped loosely around Stan's body as they listened to music on the radio. Patrick would whisper in his ear from time to time.

"Henry fucking sucks at darts," Patrick commented with an amused shake of his head.

"What about you? Are you any good?" Stan replied, slurring a just little.

His cheeks filled with heat despite the cool evening air that was gently disturbing his curls. It was mostly because of the buzz he was sporting but also partially because Patrick was so close to him.

"Against Belch? No," Patrick answered honestly. "I'm more evenly matched with Vic."

"I forgot to ask, where is Vic? I thought he cruised with you guys," Stan brought up, leaning further into Patrick

"Vic's sick," Patrick said with a short laugh, realizing his rhyme.

"That's too bad. Vic's cute," Stan remarked, smirking slightly.

"What am I? Chopped liver?" Patrick scoffed obtusely.

There was a hint of humor in it though and Patrick grinned again, biting his lip a little as he hovered in Stan's space. Patrick's had five beers already while everyone else was barely onto number four, but he was holding it quite well considering. The same could not be said

for Henry and Belch however, let alone himself. The quality of Belch and Henry's game of darts deteriorated as Stan's inhibitions went along with it. He gulped down the rest of his beer and tossed the bottle aside in the dirt and swayed into Patrick.

"Vic's cute," Stan reiterated, laying a hand against Patrick's chest as he curled up beside him on the bench seat. "But you're hot."

Stan inched up and kissed Patrick on the lips, taking the taller boy by surprise. Patrick relaxed into the kiss and bent down to set his bottle down. Patrick reached up to wind a hand through Stan's curls and tightened his grip on them to pull on his hair tenderly. Stan sighed, melting against the other boy, and let himself get swept away in Patrick's flurry of kisses. Henry and Belch could still be heard carrying on and throwing darts off to the side.

They fell into a semi-coherent rhythm with Stan halfway on Patrick's lap while the other boy had his hands tangled in messy hair. Patrick deepened the kiss when he felt Stan's hand trailing down his body and teasing at that waistline of his jeans. He arched into the contact, hoping to move Stan's hand further down.

"God, you're so fucking sexy," Patrick panted, swooning from a mixture of alcohol and soft lips nipping at his own.

"Hey! Starting the party without us?" Henry complained when he caught sight of Stan grinding against Patrick's leg.

"Well, if you ladies weren't so caught up in chatting like a couple of chickens in a henhouse you could've gotten in on this action already," Patrick snarked.

Stan continued to paw at Patrick's shirt, fisting the material in his hand as he tried to reach up and nip at Patrick's neck. Stan was like a needy animal seeking out attention, an irresistible force that could only be quelled with kisses and contact. Patrick glanced between Belch and Henry who looked on like a couple of men dying of thirst.

"A little help fellas? This one's a handful," Patrick commented before going back to kissing Stan.

Numbly, Belch and Henry shuffled on their feet towards where Stan and Patrick sat on the bench seat going at it. Belch sat down behind Stan, moving in close so he could reach out and tentatively caress him. Stan broke away from Patrick and turned to face the bigger boy. He gazed at him with lust filled eyes and climbed fully onto Belch's lap without a second thought. He straddled his lap and draped his legs on either side of Belch's thighs, rocking back slightly to rub his ass against Belch's groin.

This put Stan in the best position to alternate between the three of them as Henry took a seat on the other side of Belch. Stan leaned forward, planting his hands on Belch's shoulders, and began kissing the larger boy fervently. He plucked the hat off of his head and tossed it away behind him to be discarded in the dirt. Belch and Stan kissed for a few moments longer until they parted so Stan could give Henry some attention.

Stan grabbed Bowers by the shirt and reeled him in, their mouths clashing as Henry fell forward slightly. Belch's hands came to rest on Stan's slim waist, caressing him in dazed wonder as he watched Stan suck face with his best friend. Distantly, Stan could hear the sound of Patrick popping the button on his pants and the soft rustle of pants being pushed down. Henry slapped a hand around the back of Stan's neck, smothering Stan in a bruising needy kiss that only let up when Patrick chastised Henry for not sharing.

Stan turned back around, noticing Patrick had whipped his dick out and was languidly jerking off. He leaned over and kissed Patrick fleetingly before turning his attention back to Belch. They shared another brief kiss, making Stan squirm restlessly in his lap as his dick started to strain in his pants. Stan's hands caressed idly at Belch's broad chest, smirking because he knew he had all of them right where he wanted them.

"Do you wanna fuck me big boy?" Stan whispered into Belch's ear, grinding himself on his lap.

"Fuck yes," Belch said breathlessly like it was a no brainer. And truly it was.

In an instant, Stan was grappling with Belch's fly to undo his pants,

fueled by liquid courage and the incessant need to blow off his horniness. He slid off of Belch's lap for a moment so he could pull Belch's pants down far enough to expose his groin. Stan stripped from the waist down only, shuddering slightly as the air hit the feverish skin of his slender cock. He climbed back onto Belch's lap and poised himself over the bigger boy's girth.

He produced a small bottle he had pulled out of his pants before he took them off and poured some of the liquid onto his fingers. Stan reached back and teased his hole, inserting a finger to work in some of the lubricant before he drizzled some onto Belch's thick cock. Belch gasped as Stan worked the lube along his manhood, greasing it up for what was to come. He grabbed Belch's slick cock by the base and placed it at his entrance.

Off to the side Henry was fumbling with his own pants to relieve a little of his own pent up arousal. Henry started jacking off, licking his lips proactively, blessed with a front row seat to the sight of Stan sinking down on Belch's cock. Stan let out a long, drawn out moan as his body strained to accommodate all of Belch. His chest was moving shallowly as he attempted to power through the discomfort.

"Good boy, taking all that cock in one go," Patrick encouraged, twisting his hand along his cock. "Needy little slut."

Stan fell forward, resting his forehead on one of Belch's shoulders as the bigger boy held onto his hips. Stan was whining, thighs trembling, and stayed like that until he felt he was ready to start moving. He began with riding Belch in long, slow rotations of his hips. Belch helped to raise the lithe body up and down, practically doing most of the work and using Stan like a sex doll.

"How's that ass feel?" Henry inquired, panting as he masturbated to the tableaux of Stan riding a cock.

"Tight as hell," Belch commented, grunting slightly through the words. "He's *hungry* for it."

Belch's fingers dug into Stan's hips, gripping him tighter as they picked up the pace. Stan finally regained some strength and started to ride Belch hard. His movements were more enthusiastic, erratic in a

way that was both sloppy and unpredictable. Stan threw his head back, curls bouncing with the force of his gyrating body, and wobbled briefly. His head felt like it weighed a ton and he realizes it was because of his buzz, which was now rolling through him in coming and going waves.

Belch leaned forward and kissed at Stan's exposed neck, breath coming out in harsher pants as he thrust up into Stan's tight body. Belch's cock felt like it was fucking him wide open, but the beer helped to numb that feeling if only a little. Stan slumped forward again, bouncing on Belch's lap as he began to nip and kiss at the other boy's lips. Belch was panting and groaning more frequently now and Stan knew it wouldn't be much longer for the bigger boy.

With a few more thrusts that made them both meet halfway, Belch imbedded himself deeply inside the tight channel of Stan's body, pushing in as far as he could go before bottoming out. Belch let out a deep groan, prompting them to break their kiss, and came inside Stan. It made Stan's leaking cock give a jerk as he felt the throbbing member emptying within him.

They stayed connected for a moment longer before Belch picked the boy off his lap and made room for the other two boys. Henry was next in line, seeing as how he had grown hot and bothered watching Belch fuck Stan. He moved Stan into an ideal position. Stan was on knees on the bench seat with his hands braced on the back rest and his ass sticking out towards Henry.

Henry picked up the small tube of lubricant and spread it along his cock. He parted Stan's ass with one hand, stealing a peek of the aftermath of Belch's handiwork as he slapped his cock against Stan's right cheek. He could see Stan's hole clenching and unclenching as a little bit of Belch's come dribbled out of it. Stan's entrance was glistening, begging to be filled with another load and Henry was more than happy to oblige Stan's request.

"How bad do you want it baby?" Henry asked, voice rough with arousal as he stroked himself slowly.

"Please Henry, give it to me," Stan whined, hips swaying back and forth as if to tempt him. He looked back at Henry over his shoulder,

pupils blown completely wide. "My pussy is thirsty."

Henry nearly came right then and there and actually had to grip his cock tightly in order to stave off his orgasm. He rubbed the head of his cock against Stan's wet entrance, teasing the loose muscle there, and pushing his cock all the way in. The breath was knocked out of Henry as his cock was fully sheathed inside Stan's hot, wet ass.

He could feel Belch's release helping to slick the way as he began to thrust roughly into Stan. The old rickety bench seat rocked furiously with the force of Henry laying his whole weight into each thrust. Stan was calling out shortly, the sounds being fucked out of him at this point, and held onto the seat as best he could, knuckles turning white.

Henry reached up and fisted a hand in Stan's messy hair, pulling back on it to string Stan's body similar to a bow. The sound of skin colliding with skin padded out the empty spaces between the synth music playing softly in the background. The way Henry fucked was a lot more rough than Belch's technique and if it caused Stan some mild discomfort he found that he didn't care one bit in the long run.

He liked that they fucked differently. It made Stan relish the moment even more when Henry got closer to his climax. He could hear Patrick laughing and cheering Henry on, egging him to go *faster* and *harder*. At one point, Henry became so enrapt in the moment that he slapped Stan harshly on the ass, making the feverish skin there sting from the initial shock.

Henry's hips thrust against Stan's ass in a jagged, unsteady cadence as he neared the apex of his orgasm. He spanked Stan a few more times, telling Stan to *moan for me bitch*. Stan obliged, putting on only a wee bit as Henry fucked him erratically. The first tremors of Henry's orgasm hit him and he kept thrusting even as he started to pulse inside Stan, filling the lithe boy up with even more come.

They both shared an exhaustive moan of completion (though Stan still hadn't come) and Henry pressed the length of his body against Stan's clothed back as he finally stilled. Henry pumped his hips a few more times before pulling out slowly. Stan hissed under his breath at the loss and Henry marvelled at the sight of his softening cock

covered in Belch's and his own come. It made Henry's cock twitch vaguely.

"My turn!" Patrick chimed in, pushing Henry out of the way.

"Yeah, take my sloppy seconds asshole," Henry remarked sarcastically as he put himself away.

"What can I say? Gotta save the best for last, am I right?" Patrick boasted.

Stan felt sore all over and just wanted to lay down at this point, thankfully Patrick must have read his mind or something because the lanky boy laid him down against the old dirty bench seat. Stan settled onto his back, looking completely dazed and out of it having been fucked consecutively back to back, and gazed up at Patrick when he climbed on top of him. Stan whimpered, knowing that he still had one hurdle left in his personal quest to fuck almost all of the Bowers gang.

"What a cute, sweet little slut you are," Patrick complimented, stroking the curls out of Stan's hot, sweaty face.

He spread Stan's thighs apart and slotted himself between them. He reached down and felt around the damp, puffy entrance of Stan's body. He inserted a finger inside of the boy, causing a whine to tremble out of his throat. Patrick cooed, soothing Stan with a soft *shush* as he gently fingered him.

"I bet your pussy is so sore after taking two cocks," Patrick observed, feeling some of the come leak out of Stan. "I'll be gentle."

Patrick pulled his finger out and replaced it with his cock, filling up Stan with his third cock of the evening. Stan winced, whimpering like a wounded animal, as Patrick breached him slowly. Somehow it felt more agonizing when he went slow. It drew out the action longer than necessary, but Stan found himself relishing in the feeling nonetheless. He was too buzzed and aroused to care anyone.

Patrick pumped his hips gently, tender in a way Stan didn't know was possible, and dipped down to distract Stan with kisses. He fucked

Stan nice and slow, shallow thrusts that nudged against his prostate, and slipped his tongue into the lithe boy's mouth. Their kiss was messy, yet languid. Slow, but deliberate. And for the first time since this all began Stan dropped a hand down and started to stroke his weeping cock.

He spread his pre come all over his slender cock, shucking up his shirt to expose his midriff. He was moaning and flinching every so often as he felt the overwhelming sensations building up inside him. It coiled in the pit of his stomach like a restless snake trapped in a cage. Stan was just waiting to set it free at the right moment. He really felt the entire length of Patrick was ge was fucked slowly, only slightly aware that his buzz was starting to fade off and the pain in his lower half was becoming more apparent.

He felt so hot and sticky on the inside, full even, as Patrick's cock pushed the joined release of Belch and Henry around. It leaked out even more as Patrick's cock coaxed it out. It was then when Stan realized Patrick hadn't applied lube to his dick, but did he really need to at this point? There was still enough come in him to help ease the way comfortably enough (the operative word there being *enough*).

It was hotter this way, though. Taking a cock with nothing but two other guy's come to keep him lubricated for Patrick was unbelievably sexy in a way Stan was kind of bashful to admit out loud. But Patrick didn't need the reassurance or nudge like Henry had needed. Patrick knew Stan was into it because Stan's channel was pulsating around his cock in seemingly never ending rhythm.

Patrick continued to fuck Stan gently, just like he promised, as Stan stroked his cock fervently. He was mewling and squirming from how on edge and overstimulated, with both pain and pleasure, he was. Patrick smirked through sloppy kisses and hummed in delight when Stan's loose hole tried to tightened as much as it could around his cock. Patrick could only imagine what Stan felt like when Belch was fuxling him, but Patrick didn't mind going last in the least. It felt like he was sticking his dick inside a loose fitting velvet sleeve, wet and pulsating.

"Come for me," Patrick beckoned, picking up the pace by just a fraction to bring himself closer to the edge. "Be a good a little slut

and come for me."

And with that, Stan let out a frustrated cry as he was finally able to let go. He moaned like he was in agony (and by all rights he was) and he came with a strangled cry of relief that echoed throughout the junkyard. Henry and Belch, still dazed and slightly buzzed, reeled back initially from the suddenness of it but smirked all the same as they witnessed Stan coming all over himself. Stan spurted over his knuckles, as his fist wringed out every last bit, with a few ropes landing on his flat stomach.

His whole body seemed to quake and convulse from the aftershocks, prompting Patrick to grin wickedly and expel his own climax deep into Stan's aching body. He sobbed as he felt the the ropes of come coating the walls of his channel. It was as if he had been rubbed completely raw, but the warm release helped to soothe that ache in an odd way. Stan squirmed, working his ass in circles around Patrick cock in a last ditch effort before he went boneless against the bench seat.

His thighs burned and his ass felt absolutely filled to the brim. It made him feel grateful that Vic was sick, because there was no way Stan could possibly take another cock on top of all of this. He was so loose and filled with come that when Patrick finally pulled out it was practically gushing from his abused and irritated hole. Patrick bent down and ran his tongue through the remnants of mingling come. He soothed the puffy ring of muscle with his tongue briefly, making Stan twitch with delight, and collected a good amount in his mouth.

"Open up," Patrick said through a mouth full of come.

Stan did as he was told obediently and opened his mouth so Patrick could drizzle the mixture of come into and around his mouth. The sight was obscene and enough to make any one of them hard and ready to go again. Patrick sealed it with a messy kiss and swirled his tongue with Stan's, sharing the combined taste of Belch, Henry, and himself with Stan. The come was bitter in Stan's mouth, but he swallowed all the same.

"*Good boy*," Patrick praised.

It was only when Patrick continued to tease the rim of his ass with the pad of his thumb did Stan realize that actual tears had began to spill from the corners of his eyes. He was so numb and fucked out that he couldn't really bring himself to try and wipe them away or even attempt to clean himself up. He just laid there leaking come and whimpering incoherently as Patrick toyed with his hole while the other two looked on in amazement. Stan knew he wouldn't be able to sit, let alone walk properly, for an entire week, but he couldn't really complain because he'd gotten exactly what he asked for.

Besides, it beats watching Richie play Street Fighter at the arcade.